them. At one the great man bowed, and went into the inner room.

I afterwards wrote to Truguet for leave to visit the *depot*, but with little hope of obtaining it, as Cottrau thinks the Directory are in a bad humour. Continual squibs and songs against the Government are stuck up in the streets, but no ballad-singers are seen about.

Murders are numerous. The police knows who the assassins are, but is not strong enough to put a stop to them. The depravity of all ranks (if one can talk of ranks) is past Jbelief. Everyone plunges into the mud-pool of vice as soon as he or she is strong enough to paddle in it without fear of parental or political control. Nothing can be more disastrous than the situation of a virtuous parent who has a son or daughter of an age to marry or to choose a profession.

It appears to me that enormous fortunes have been made in these troublesome times; but this has not been the lot of a very great number of persons; for all pensions, rentes, interests, &c., being totally unproductive, farmers and peasants are refractory and hard to manage. Scarce any-

body seems rich, or even at ease, in his circum
stances.

Lord Malmesbury, who lodges at THótel de